

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."— *Cooper.*

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No. 7.

What are the Bands of Mercy?

The noblest order of chivalry, so far as we know, in the world—pledging every member, to TRY to protect from every form of cruelty, every harmless living creature; both human and dumb."

Ten Thousand Members.

Mr. Timmins, Secretary of the "Parent Band," estimates that our Bands of Mercy have already nearly ten thousand members.

Yet this is only the beginning. We did a vast deal of preparatory work during the summer, but the first badge was issued only a few weeks ago. The bands are being formed in Sunday Schools of all denominations, also in high, graded, and primary schools.

Mr. Timmins figures up seventy-two "Bands" already; some of them having from four to six hundred members. They are also being started in other states; "Bands" having already been formed in *New Hampshire, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, District of Columbia, Louisiana, Indiana, Missouri, Ohio, Wisconsin, and Minnesota.* The demand for our beautiful silver-washed and gilt badges, costing six cents each, and our colored pictorial cards of membership, at two cents each, has been so large at times, that we have not been able to have them manufactured as fast as they were wanted. We would add, here, that these badges can be made of pure silver at sixty cents each, and of gold, at a proportionate price.

We did, in the beginning, think we might have a hundred thousand members in Massachusetts. Some of our sanguine friends now put the number much higher. We suspect that our Governor, Mayor, Chief-Justice and others of the prominent men of the State, when they put their signatures to the pledge, little thought of the following they were to have, or how widely these "Bands of Mercy" are to extend.

Public Schools.

What can the Bands of Mercy do for our Public Schools?

Make the children in them, as they have in French schools, more kind to their teachers and each other—more kind to everybody and everything—carry humane and merciful ideas and education, through these cards and badges, into homes where no such ideas or education have hitherto entered, and prevent crime. Out of about 7000 children, who have gone out from one English public school, with this kind of instruction, not one has ever been arrested for any criminal offence.

Sunday Schools.

What will the "Bands of Mercy" do for the Sunday Schools?

Pour into them all the literature of mercy, both to man and beast; make them more interesting, more attractive, draw in larger numbers of children, and then larger numbers of parents.

"Chicago Bands of Mercy."

We are just in receipt of a letter from Mr. A. W. Landon, Editor and Publisher of "Illinois Humane Journal," saying that they expect to have ten thousand children enlisted in "Bands of Mercy," on or before the close of January. They have already about two thousand.

Bands of Mercy in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Willing writes us that 10,000 cards of membership have been printed for use, in Philadelphia, and that the work is progressing finely.

Band of Mercy at Moorhead, Adjoining Fargo, Dakota.

Frank S. Hoteling, master of High School, sends orders, with money, for 250 badge-pins, gilt and silver; also for cards of membership, for "Band" formed there.

Band of Mercy at Minneapolis.

Just before going to press, we have a letter from Miss A. A. Judson, Principal of the "Female Institute," at Minneapolis, and daughter of the distinguished Baptist Missionary, Adoniram Judson, that last week they formed a "Band of Mercy" in the "Institute."

Roman Catholic Clergymen.

Among the pleasant things we have received from Roman Catholic clergymen, is the following from Rev. Father Strain, who organized the first Roman Catholic "Band of Mercy," in St. Mary's School, at Lynn, which numbers about six hundred members:

"The Bands of Mercy are in full harmony with the teachings of Christ."

—Rev. Father Strain.

Oh Father! in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly.

—J. Taylor.

What is Each "Band of Mercy."

It is *First*, A "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

Second, A "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children."

Third, A "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Everybody, and Everything that needs Protection."

Fourth, A "Society for the Prevention of Crime."

From our Massachusetts Parent Band, seventy-two such societies have been formed in the past twelve weeks, with an average membership of between one and two hundred, and an aggregate of about ten thousand members.

We think that in the whole world, no other instance can be found of the organization of so many "Humane Societies," with so large a membership, in so short a time.

Yet, this is only the beginning. We ought to have a joyful Christmas and a happy New Year.

The Christmas Time.

The merry Christmas, with its generous boards,
Its firelit hearths and gifts, and blazing trees,
The pleasant voices uttering gentle words,
Its genial mirth attuned to sweet accords,
Its holy memories.
The fairest season of the passing year,—
The merry, merry Christmas time is here.

The sumacs by the brook have lost their red;
The mill-wheel in the ice stands dumb and still,
The leaves have fallen and the birds have fled,
The flowers we loved in summer, all are dead;
And wintry winds blow chill:
Yet something makes this dreariness less drear,—
The merry, merry Christmas time is here.

Since last the panes were hoar with Christmas frost,
Unto our lives some changes have been given:
Some of our barks have labored, tempest tossed,
Some of us too, have loved, and some have lost,
Some found their rest in heaven.
So, humanly, we mingle smile and tear,
When merry Christmas time is drawing near.

Band of Mercy History and Other Matters.

There are now in America, over seventy "Bands of Mercy," with a membership of about ten thousand persons, and it is evident that this is only the beginning.

Many questions, by letter and otherwise, are being asked in regard to its origin, officers, &c. They can be best answered in this way: The NAME came from England, where numerous "Bands of Mercy" have been established. The pledge, cards of membership, badges and plan of formation and action are purely American, and the joint work of the President of the Mass. Society P. C. to Animals, and the Rev. Thomas Timmins.

The "Parent American Band of Mercy" was formed in the offices of the Mass. S. P. C. to Animals, 96 Tremont street, Boston, July 28, 1882. It includes mercy to all human as well as dumb creatures; pledging its members "to try to protect from cruelty every harmless living creature." It is the child of the Mass. S. P. C. to A., and every member of it, and of all the "bands" springing from it, whether in this or other states, who receives the certified card of membership becomes a "Band of Mercy" member of the Mass. S. P. C. to Animals. The only expense is two cents each for cards of membership, and six cents each for badge pins, either gilt or silver, to those who want them.

A large number of the eminent men of Massachusetts, including the Governor, Chief-Justice and other judges, Mayor of Boston, Archbishop, about two hundred clergymen of various denominations, &c., &c., are members of the "parent band."

Its headquarters are at the offices of the Mass. Society P. C. to Animals, 96 Tremont street, Boston. Its President is Geo. T. Angell, President of the Mass. S. P. C. to A.; its Secretary, Rev. Thomas Timmins, and its Treasurer, Joseph L. Stevens, who is the Secretary of the Mass. S. P. C. to A.

"Branch Bands," both in this and other states, select their own names, choose their own officers, and call upon the "Parent Band" for cards of membership and badges at above prices, which include postage. All "Bands" take both adults and children, and the object is to preach, teach and obtain everywhere, kindness, mercy and protection for the weak and defenceless. The only officers absolutely necessary are President, Secretary and Treasurer. The meetings and exercises may be such as they determine, and the whole vast field of humane and merciful literature, song, story, poem and lesson, is open for their selection. The Mass. Society publishes "Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," which are having a wide circulation. The Ten Lessons cost but two cents a copy. This paper is intended to contain, each month, appropriate selections for schools and Sunday Schools.

We would add that properly illustrated books for signatures of members, and suitable to be hung up in schools and Sunday Schools, are furnished by the Mass. S. P. C. to Animals, at six cents each.

How a Dog was Sold.

Here is a true dog story: A family down town having a false grate in one of the rooms of the house placed some red paper behind it to give it the effect of fire. One of the coldest days this winter the dog belonging to the household came in from out of doors, and seeing the paper in the grate deliberately walked up to it and laid down before it, curled up in the best way to receive the glowing heat as it came from the fire. He remained motionless for a few moments; feeling no warmth he raised his head and looked over his shoulder at the grate; still feeling no heat he went across and carefully applied his nose to the grate and smelt of it. It was cold as ice. With a look of the most supreme disgust, his tail curled down between his legs, every hair on his body saying "I'm sold," the dog trotted out of the room, not even deigning to cast a look at the party in the room who had watched his actions and laughed so heartily at his misfortunes. That dog had reason as well as instinct.—*Troy Times.*

Softly the Night is Sleeping.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Softly the night is sleeping
On Bethlehem's peaceful hill;
Silent the shepherds watching,
The gentle flocks are still.
But hark! the wondrous music
Falls from the opening sky;
Valley and cliff re-echo
Glory to God on high!

CHORUS.

Glory to God, glory to God,
Glory to God! it rings again,
Peace on earth, good will to men.

Day in the East is breaking;
Day o'er the crimsoned earth;
Now the glad world is waking,
Glad in the Saviour's birth!
See where the clear star bendeth
Over the manger blest:
See, where the infant Jesus
Smiles upon Mary's breast!

Come with the glad some shepherds,
Quick hastening from the fold;
Come with the wise men, pouring
Incense and myrrh and gold.
Come to Him, poor and lowly,
Around the cradle throng;

Come with your hearts of sunshine,
And sing the angels' song.
Weave ye the wreaths unfading,
The fir tree and the pine;
Green from the snows of winter,
To deck the holy shrine;
Bring ye the happy children!
For this is Christmas morn;
Jesus, the sinless infant,
Jesus, the Lord, is born.

—Selected.

The Peaks of Berne.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

In the Canton of Berne, in Oberland,
Like white-veiled nuns the mountains stand,
With pure and lofty brows;
Their bended faces, meek and sweet,
Look down upon their meadow feet,
And shine with virgin vows.

O beautiful, O holy hills!
My spirit soars, my heart o'erfills
Where'er I look on ye.
Devotion spreads her snowy wings,
And bears me high o'er earthly things,
To Thee, O God, to Thee!

—Home Guardian.

The Wild Flowers of Montana.

The wild flowers of Montana are as abundant as those of the Alps, and more varied. Choicest of them all, because most delicate and fragrant, is a white, star-shaped, wax-like blossom, which grows very close to the ground, and the large golden stamens of which give out an odor like mingled hyacinth and lily of the valley. The people call it the mountain lily. There is another lily, however, and a real one—yellow, with purple stamens—that grows on high slopes, in shaded places. The yellow flowering currant abounds on the lower levels, and the streams are often bordered with thickets of wild-rose bushes. Dandelions abound, but do not open in full, rounded perfection. The common blue larkspur, however, is as well-developed as in our eastern gardens, and the little yellow violet, which in the States haunts the woods and copses, is at home in Montana alike in the moist valleys and upon the bleak, dry hill-sides. Small sunflowers are plentiful; the bluebell is equally abundant in the valleys and on mountain ridges; and in early June there blooms a unique flower called the shooting star, shaped like a shuttlecock. There are a dozen other pretty flowers, but I could not learn their names—among them a low-growing mass, the clumps of which are starred over with delicate white or purple blossoms.—*E. V. Smalley, in the September Century.*

Which Was the Brute?

A sad yet amusing sight was witnessed in a street at Reno, Nevada, one day during the summer of 1878. Had the reader been present, he would have beheld a well-dressed man in a state of intoxication, stupidly staggering along the sidewalk, reeling hither and thither under the poor guidance of a brain completely unbalanced by strong drink.

At his heels was a little shaggy terrier, that trotted in the wake of his master with every apparent evidence of shame! shame for the human brute. There was shame manifested in his eye, and head, and tail; shame in every motion. The poor dog kept close to the drunkard, following his staggering and crooked steps, but with a downcast look and dangling tail, apparently so much ashamed and so miserable that he would not look any sober passer-by in the face.

The brute was ashamed of the man! Yes. Once in awhile the man would stop, clutch hold of a fence railing, and stupidly looking at the earth, would stand and sway to and fro.

This would seem to increase the misery of the dog, who, with a countenance filled with concern, would sit down on his haunches, trembling, and casting sneaking glances to the right and left to see if any one was observing the shameful condition of his master. This is no fancy picture; but a simple fact as reported in public prints.

—California Paper.

God's Protection of Young Deer.

An old Canadian hunter declares that the reason why the young deer are not all killed when young (as they breed once a year, and are always surrounded by other animals, which prey upon them, as dogs, wolves, bears, panthers, etc.) is that "no dog or other animal can smell the track of a doe or fawn, while the latter is too young to take care of itself!" He had often seen it demonstrated.

How to Form a Band of Mercy in Every Sunday-School, or Other School.

After talking it over with teachers and children, pass this or a similar resolution:—

Resolved, That we will form a Band of Mercy, the title of which shall be

Band of Mercy.

Terms of membership, two cents each, or more; officers: President, Secretary, and Treasurer, who may or may not be the Executive Committee; meetings to be held monthly or oftener, on Sunday evening, afternoon, or as part of the Sunday-school service, or on a week day or night; exercises to be such as the Executive Committee shall determine, which may include music, readings, recitations, anecdotes, or addresses, relating to mercy and kindness to all creatures, and calculated to impress upon children and all present the wisdom, love, and goodness of God in the animal creation, our duty toward them, and also toward unprotected human beings, and the devout gratitude we should have to God, the abundant giver of every good gift. Get a small book in which to keep the names and addresses of members. Hand-some cards of membership, two cents each, and badges at six cents each, and every other information, may be obtained from the Parent Society's office, the Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 96 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. The two cents for membership is to pay for the cards. Then all that want the beautiful badge pins, either silver-washed or gilt, can obtain them at six cents each. The superintendent or teacher should be President, and the President should appoint the Secretary and Treasurer, or cause them to be elected. An appropriate book, containing the pledge and engraving of the card of membership, will be furnished each Band for signatures of members, at six cents each. One copy of "Our Dumb Animals," from which selections for recitation, etc., may be made, will be sent for one year without charge, to each Band of over forty members. Also a copy of "Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals." All payments less than one dollar can be sent in postage stamps.

The Sparrow.

I am only a little sparrow—
A bird of low degree:
My life if of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers—
It is very plain, I know,
With never a speck of crimson,
For it was not made for show;

But it keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields me from the rain:
Were it bordered with gold or purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,
Close picking makes it sweet;
I have always enough to feed me,
And "life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows:
All over the world we are found;
But our Heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are not forgotten;
Though weak, we are never afraid;
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures he made.

I fly through the thickest forest,
I light on many a spray;
I have no chart or compass,
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be;
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm will come to me.

—Happy Hours.

A Sensible Peddler.

Billy was a peddler's horse. Every day he drew a large wagon along country roads. This large wagon was loaded with tin and brooms. It was a heavy load to draw. He stopped at all the houses so that his master could sell the brooms and tins. One day, after he had trotted along for several miles, Billy stopped.

"Go along!" said his master.

"I won't," said Billy.

This is the way Billy said "I won't." He set his fore-feet out. He laid back his ears and shook his head.

His master got out of the wagon and patted him on the neck.

Billy would not stir.

He moved all the harness here and there, and patted him more.

Billy would not stir.

He talked to him in a very pleasant tone.

But Billy would not stir.

What was to be done?

The peddler wished to sell his brooms and tins, and go home to supper. But he could not do this if Billy refused to do his part. He went to the back of the wagon. A gentleman who passed by thought he was going to whip the horse with some heavy thing. Instead, the peddler took a pail from the wagon. There was some meal in this pail. He showed this to Billy, then he walked on and set the pail down.

Billy could see the pail.

Pretty soon Billy lifted his ears. He looked very good-natured. He went forward to the pail.

Then his master let him eat the meal. Then he put the pail back in the wagon, and Billy trotted off briskly with his load.

The meal was better for Billy than the whip.

—Selected.

A Faithful Dog.

Mrs. E. H. Eldridge, of Newton, Mass., who has recently given our Society a donation of \$500, sends this pleasant incident:

"I have two setter dogs. One morning they were both missing. After having been gone the greater part of the day, Grouse returned home, pretty well tired out, but was able to jump around my coachman, looking up into his face, barking and running ahead as if he would say, 'do follow me.' So he followed Grouse far into the woods. At last they came to a stone wall. Grouse jumped over, and he followed, and there they found poor Scott, caught in a trap by one of his fore-feet, crying most pitifully. When extricated, his foot was found to be very much swollen, but fortunately there were no bones broken.

If it had not been for faithful Grouse, he never would have seen his home again.

I need not say that Grouse jumped around with delight, to see his friend again free."

Middy Morgan, the woman stock reporter of the New York Times, taught an insolent policeman a valuable lesson the other day. This fellow mistook her for a wanderer from the backwoods, as she was walking on a wharf near the Battery recently, and loudly advised her to "walk overboard." She quietly took his number, reported him at his station, identified him when he appeared at the end of his watch, and had him suspended for two weeks without pay. The astounded rough tried to beg off, and his fellow-officer shut him up with the remark, "Served ye right."

What the Band of Mercy Does in one School.

The last half-hour of school, every other Monday, is devoted to the good cause, and the meetings continued after four o'clock, if the members wish.

Rockdale Band of Mercy.

- 1—Repeat the pledge together.
- 2—Sing one stanza, (Dare to do Right).
- 3—New members sign the pledge.
- 4—Report of each member.

No one is *obliged* to report, but each is given a *chance*.

Either: What you have done cruel, or to stop cruelty;—what you have seen anyone else do cruel, or to stop cruelty;—what you have *read* about animals or good deeds, since our last meeting.

Each one is to be allowed *not over five minutes* for report.

No one is to *interrupt* or speak during reports, unless the president or teacher is obliged to stop something improper.

5—But any one may take *notes* of what he wants to speak about, and when the reports are through, remarks can be made by *one at a time*.

No *two* are to speak at once. Wait for leave from the president.

In case of an accusation, allow the one accused to reply first after the reports; then allow remarks.

Vote: "Was it cruel or Not."

6—What cruelty have you seen that you could not prevent? What can we do to prevent it?

7—Readings, recitations, singing, speeches, discussions, about cruelty or kindness to animals, birds, insects, children, the poor or the sick. Habits of animals, birds, or insects. Good and noble deeds.

8—Who will try to have something to read or recite at our next meeting?

A child speaking of his home to a friend was asked, "Where is your home?" Looking with loving eyes at his mother, he replied, "Where mother is."

Reason in the Cow Yard.

If a man would use the reasoning powers with which he has been endowed, and be what a human being ought to be, what a difference there would be in the disposition, general characteristics and usefulness of domestic animals. Animals of all kinds are appreciative of kindness. Many of their apparently vicious acts are not vicious at all, but are caused by a desire to give expression to a reasonable desire which can be expressed in no other way. The milker seizes hold of a sore teat and the cow would say, if she could speak, "that hurts." But she cannot speak, and so by a kick that seems spiteful, because it is a quick action, although it is no quicker than a human being speaks, when he or she is hurt, she expresses herself. A thoughtful milker will at once institute an investigation in the kindest and most assuring manner, for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of the unusual action. He will reason that the cow does not object to be milked, for it is very evident that she likes to be, if she is not harmed. No one can have observed how calm and peaceful a cow is under the process of milking, without arriving at this conclusion. It will not require many moments, therefore, for a reasonable man to come to an understanding, and avoid a repetition of the offense. But it is to be regretted that this is not always the course pursued. Instead, the milker flies into a rage, talks loud and talks wickedly, and if he does not strike the cow with anything he can get his hands on, he will be an exception to the class who get so far down below the animal as to get angry without any reasonable cause. We have seen men who would brutally kick a cow under such circumstances, and we have never seen such a spectacle without regretting the absence of the whipping post, and that this was not one of the crimes for "twenty stripes, well laid on." The cow does not want to kick, but if she stood still while a man pulled a sore teat until he was done milking, she would show more fortitude than man shows. She simply endeavors to tell the milker that he is hurting her, and if he had sense enough to interpret her meaning there would be an end to the trouble.

We always feel that we cannot too often impress upon the minds of people having charge of cows, that they are exceedingly nervous animals, easily excited, and such excitement is very detrimental to the milk. Therefore we advise the gentlest of treatment under all circumstances. If the kicks are not vicious do not get angry. Ascertain what the difficulty is, being assured in the beginning that something has occurred out of the usual course.

—Western Rural.

Speak a Cheerful Word.

Did you never go out in the morning with a heart so depressed and saddened that a pall seemed spread over all the world? But on meeting some friend who spoke cheerily for a minute or two, if only upon indifferent matters, you have felt yourself wonderfully lightened. Even a child dropping into your house on an errand, has brought in a ray of sunshine which did not depart when he went his way again. It is a blessed thing to speak a cheerful word when you can. "Every heart knoweth its own bitterness" the world over, and those who live in palaces are not exempt, and good words to such hearts are "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Even strangers we meet casually by the way, in the travelers' waiting-room, are unconsciously influenced by the tone we use. It is the one with pleasant words on his lips to whom the stranger in a strange land turns for advice and direction. Take it as a compliment, if some wayfarer comes to you to direct him which street or which train to take; your manner has struck him as belonging to one he can trust. It is hard sometimes to speak a pleasant word when the shadows rest on our hearts; but nothing will tend more to lighten our spirits than doing it. When you have no opportunity to speak a cheering word, you can often send a full beam of sunshine into the heart of some sorrowing friend, by writing a good, warm-hearted letter.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1882.

Christmas Presents.

The expenses of our society have been, and are increased by the founding and extension of our "Bands of Mercy."

Legacies recently given us, are not available for one or two years. We do not wish to draw from our reserved fund, and we do not wish to cut down, but rather increase our work. Under these circumstances, will not each of our kind friends, whose life has been made happier by those we represent, testify his or her gratitude by sending a Christmas present such as they can afford, to "The Dumb Animals' Society." We shall be glad to publish, in January No., a full list of all such gifts received.

—Geo. T. Angell, President.

The Directors' November Meeting

Was held on Wednesday, the 15th. Present: Mrs. Appleton, Mrs. Cobb, Mrs. Iasigi, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Paine, Messrs. Angell, Appleton, Hill, Noyes and Ware. President Angell in the chair.

The October cash account was read, showing the month's receipts, from ordinary sources, \$478.11; and payments, including some in other months, \$1390.63. Whether the Society should subscribe, this year, to "American Humane Society," was referred to Finance Committee.

The President reported great progress in "Bands of Mercy"; seventy-two being already formed, with about 10,000 members, and urged a vigorous prosecution of the work, and that suitable appropriations be made. This, with several other matters of business, were, at the President's suggestion, referred to the Finance Committee, with full powers.

Mr. Appleton, Chairman of the Committee on Legislation, Transportation, &c., moved the following resolution, which was unanimously passed:

Resolved, That the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals recognizes the advantages of slaughtering all animals for human food, as near as possible to the places where they are raised, and consequently encourages the system of transporting dressed meat in refrigerator cars and ocean steamships, instead of carrying them alive to the eastern ports of America and to Europe.

On motion of Mr. Noyes, the meeting then adjourned.

Mr. Timmins.

Mr. Timmins is now occupied, every Sunday, aiding the forming of "Bands."

Sunday before last he formed "The Hyde Park Methodist Band of Mercy," about 200 members, and "The Hyde Park Unity (Unitarian) Band," about 130 members.

In the evening he gave an address on "Bands of Mercy," to a large audience; all the churches being invited to attend.

Last Sunday he formed a "Band" in the largest Sunday School in New England: "The Ruggles Street (Boston) Baptist," and another at Neponset.

On November 15, he addressed, at Claremont, N. H., the "Annual State Sunday School Convention of Evangelical Churches," which unanimously passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That having heard the address of the Rev. Thomas Timmins, we heartily endorse the objects and organization of Bands of Mercy, and favor their formation in Sunday Schools and churches."

On the cars, returning from the convention, an accident caused delay, and some of the most distinguished workers determined then and there, to organize the "Claremont and Concord Railroad Band of Mercy."

The officers elected were, *President*, Rev. Frederick Alvord, Nashua, N. H., who was also Presi-

dent of the Convention; *Secretary*, D. Milton Heald, Milton, N. H.; *Treasurer*, Rev. Z. G. Barrett, Concord, N. H. Among the members, we note also the names of Hon. T. W. Bicknell, of the Journal of Education, and Mrs. Rev. Dr. Gordon, of Boston.

They all requested, paid for, and have been furnished with cards of membership, and we congratulate Mr. Timmins on the good results of his trip to New Hampshire.

"Out West."

Since we last addressed our readers we have been "out west," or perhaps we should say TOWARD "out west;" for when we were about ninety hundred miles from Boston, we still found the "out west" stretching far beyond us. We were called by important private business to Dakota.

We have had many pleasant experiences. The long, but pleasant day from St. Paul to Fargo, in company with some twenty clergymen of the Northwest, whom we were invited to accompany—our ride over those broad prairies, rich with their stores of wealth, the accumulations of centuries—our entrance into the renowned Red River valley—the magnificent prairie fires we saw as we swept through it in the evening—the excellent hotel we found at the end of our journey—our first entrance into Fargo, that city of wonderful growth—all these and many others are pictures firmly impressed upon our memory. But the only thing we care to speak of here, is the interest we find everywhere in the humane work this paper is advocating.

At Madison, Wis., a union meeting of the principal churches, in the magnificent hall of assembly, at the State House, gave us, on Sunday evening, an audience packing the hall to its utmost capacity, (it was said that some 3000 tried to get in)—an audience including the judges and high officers of State—the President and professors of the State University, &c., &c., coming together to consider our relations to God's lower creatures. A branch of the Wisconsin Humane Society has been formed there, from the best citizens; Dr. Hobbins, a very prominent citizen, being its President. In the afternoon of the same day, we addressed a union meeting of the Sunday Schools, and in two of the most influential, "Bands of Mercy" are already formed. Among the most earnest there, with Dr. Hobbins, should be named, Prof. W. F. Allen, of the University, formerly from Massachusetts; Rev. Dr. Richards, pastor of First Congregational church, formerly from New Hampshire, and Prof. A. O. Wright, Secretary of the State Board of Charities.

The next Sunday, (a stormy one), found us at St. Paul, where we had the pleasure of addressing the large Sunday School connected with Mr. Gannett's new and beautiful church; the entire time being given us. The next Sunday we were at Jamestown, Dakota, or "Jintown," as they call it up there—a most flourishing and growing town, some 100 miles beyond Fargo. Here a union meeting of churches filled the Presbyterian church of Rev. Mr. Fanning absolutely full, with seats in the aisles, and many standing.

The succeeding Tuesday, by invitation of Col. S. Frank Crockett, formerly of Boston, and now President of the School Committee of Moorhead, we had the pleasure of addressing several hundreds of the assembled school children of that city. A "Band of Mercy" is now formed there, with about 250 members. In the evening of the same day, on invitation of S. S. Blanchard, Esq., formerly of Boston, we addressed a fine audience of citizens in the Baptist church, of which Rev. Frank L. Sullivan, also from Massachusetts, is pastor.

At Chicago, on our return, we had, also, the pleasure of addressing a most interesting audience of boys and girls, who have formed a society, or "Band of Mercy" somewhat similar to our own. We had invitations to speak in various other places, which, on account of other duties, we felt compelled to decline. We are fully and entirely satisfied

that there is hardly a considerable town or city in the North-west, that would not be glad to have a union meeting of its churches on Sunday evening, to hear about our duties and relations to God's lower creatures, nor one in which "Bands of Mercy" may not, with proper effort, be readily formed.

Dog Fight on Beacon Street, Boston.

We are sorry to say that a dog fight was recently proposed in a gentleman's stable, on Beacon street. We are glad to say that through information furnished by our Society, it was stopped by the police.

Moorhead and Fargo, Dakota.

We are in receipt of a letter that "The Young People's Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," has just been formed in the *High School of Moorhead*, and an entertainment already given to raise funds.

Blinders.

We have noticed, with great satisfaction, that in the harness of many of the two-wheeled Herdic cabs, blinders have been discarded. This is a good step in the right direction, and it is to be hoped that the example will be followed by others.

Philadelphia.

We have received a copy of the "Philadelphia Enquirer," of Nov. 10, containing a most vigorous protest of the Women's Branch of the Penn. S. P. C. to A., against the overcrowding of horse cars. It is signed by Mrs. Caroline E. White, the widely known, and earnest President of that organization.

T. B. Smithies.

We are under special obligations to T. B. Smithies, Esq., of London, son of Mrs. Catherine Smithies, founder of the English "Bands of Mercy," for various publications received.

Mr. Smithies, it will be remembered, furnished, gratuitously, "Our Dumb Animals," during several years, the beautiful cuts, which, appearing monthly, excited so much interest in this, the first, and then the only publication of its kind, in the world.

The Earl of Harrowby.

Telegrams to our morning papers of November 21, announce the death, at the ripe age of eighty-four, of the Earl of Harrowby, formerly of the Queen's Privy Council, and for many years President of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The telegrams give strong eulogiums on the character and public services of the deceased. I had the privilege of meeting this distinguished gentleman in London, in the summer of 1870. No man in high position, on either side of the Atlantic, ever impressed me more strongly as being, in every sense of the word, a true, noble man. I shall never forget how, at the close of a somewhat lengthy interview at his house, he declared that the "Ladies' Humane Educational Committee," of the Royal Society, with the Baroness Burdett Coutts at its head, should be immediately formed. He had hesitated, because the fashionable season was just closing, and it seemed to him we must wait another year. A thought struck me. He was then about seventy-two years of age. I said: "Your Lordship is now alive; the Baroness Burdett Coutts is now alive. Next year, at this time, we may all be dead and buried." He thought a moment, and said: "The Committee shall be formed now."

—Geo. T. Angell.

Jamestown, Dakota.

Just before going to press we receive a letter from E. P. Wells a very prominent and influential citizen of Jamestown, Dakota, that they propose after the holidays to organize a "Humane Society," in that place.

The American Humane Association

Held its sixth annual meeting at Buffalo on Oct. 11 and 12. Three state societies were represented as follows: MASSACHUSETTS, by Nathan Appleton, J. L. Stevens, and Mrs. J. C. Johnson.

PENNSYLVANIA, by Samuel J. Levick, Levi Knowles, and Edmund Webster.

ILLINOIS, by John G. Shortall, Ferd. W. Peck, John C. Dore, Albert W. Landon, and Miss A. E. Stone.

The NEWPORT, R. I., Society, also was represented by its president, Nathan Appleton.

The LADIES' Branch of the Pennsylvania Society, by Mrs. Caroline E. White, Miss Adele Biddle, Miss C. Boggs, and Miss S. R. Davidson.

THE PITTSBURGH BRANCH of the Pennsylvania Society, by Leonard H. Eaton, and J. L. Cravens.

HYDE PARK BRANCH, Illinois Society, by Mrs. A. E. Blaine.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Branch of New York Society, by Geo. Clarkson, Mrs. J. F. Parker, Miss E. P. Hall.

SOCIETY IN BRISTOL, VT., by Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Williams, and THE LADIES' SOCIETY IN BUFFALO, by Mrs. John C. Lord, Mrs. C. H. Uley, Mrs. J. L. Noyes, Mrs. L. A. Long, and Mrs. J. N. Tift.

The first session was opened with prayer, then address by President Edwin Lee Brown, speaking specially of importance of humane education, then report of sub-executive committee, speaking of the various improved Cattle Cars; also of the case brought to test the constitutionality of the U. S. Law on the subject; also of the value of the press, the pulpit, and woman's work which was highly commended, concluding with the importance of educating the young humanely.

The first subject discussed was barbed wire fences; the second humane education, and a resolution was adopted that a part of each school day should be given to this instruction and requesting Sunday School Superintendents to take action.

In the evening an elegant collation was given the delegates by the Buffalo Ladies Society, in McArthur's Hall, at which addresses were made by Hon. J. P. Putnam, President Brown, Hon. J. C. Dore, S. J. Levick, Hon. Sherman S. Rogers, and Ferd. W. Peck.

The second day was given to reports, letters, subscriptions, and election of officers.

The sums subscribed were:
Mrs. Wm. Appleton, Boston, \$500
Miss Anna Wigglesworth, Boston, 500
Mr. A. Firth, Boston 100
Woman's Branch of the Philadelphia Society 50
Mr. E. Lee Brown, Chicago 100
Pennsylvania Society P. C. A. 25
Mr. Levi Knowles of Philadelphia 25

The officers elected were:
President—Edwin Lee Brown, Chicago.
Treasurer—Levi Knowles, Philadelphia.
Secretary—Abraham Firth, Boston.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

Henry Bergh, New York.
George T. Angell, Boston.
Mrs. Wm. Appleton, Boston.
J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.
Miss Adele Biddle, Philadelphia.
Theo. F. Gatchell, Des Moines.
John G. Shortall, Chicago.
Wolf Landoner, Denver.
Thos. W. Palmer, Detroit.
Mrs. J. C. Lord, Buffalo.
Charles Sontag, San Francisco.
George J. Clark, Providence.
D. R. Noyes, St. Paul.
Edward Bringham, Wilmington, Del.
T. E. O. Marvin, Portsmouth, N. H.
Charles McLaughlin, Portland, Me.
Dr. A. F. Keeler, Cincinnati.
Miss Annie Wigglesworth, Boston.
Henry B. King, Augusta, Ga.
Leonard H. Eaton, Pittsburg.
Miss S. K. Davidson, Philadelphia.
Rodney Dennis, Hartford.
Miss Mary Dusenberry, Sing Sing.
David Copeland, Rochester.
Frank W. Tracy, Springfield, Ill.
Mrs. H. B. Williams, Bristol, Vermont.
W. V. McCoy, Halifax, N. S.
Charles Alexander, Montreal.
Arthur McArthur, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Margaret S. Cooper, Lake Valley N. H.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

George T. Angell, Boston.
Mrs. Wm. Appleton, Boston.
John C. Dore, Chicago.
Ferd. W. Peck, Chicago.

Mrs. Caroline E. White, Philadelphia.
Abraham Firth, Boston.
Samuel J. Levick, Philadelphia.
Dr. George L. Miller, Omaha.
Joseph G. Walters, Pittsburg, Pa.
Nathan Appleton, Boston.
Mrs. J. C. Johnson, Boston.
Mrs. J. N. Tift, Buffalo.
Rev. George E. Gordon, Milwaukee.

The Association voted, upon invitation of the Washington Society, to hold its annual meeting in that city in the fall of '83. The evening was occupied with a public meeting at St. James' Hall; an interesting literary and musical entertainment, prayer, hymn written for the occasion by Miss Lord of Buffalo, and addresses by Rev. G. W. Cutter, President Brown, Mrs. C. E. White, Prof. Eaton, Nathan Appleton, S. J. Levick and the Right Rev. Bishop Fuller.

On the following morning the delegates were provided with carriages to visit various places of interest and to call upon Mrs. J. C. Lord, the life-long friend of our humane work.

A Spider's Bridge.

The way in which a spider spins and uses his web is often very remarkable. A writer in the *Hearth and Home* gives this curious instance. One chilly day, he says, I was left at home alone, and after I was tired of reading Robinson Crusoe, I caught a spider and brought him into the house to play with. Funny kind of mate, wasn't it? Well, I took a wash-basin and fastened up a stick in it, like a liberty pole or a vessel's mast, and then poured in water enough to turn the mast into an island for my spider, whom I named Crusoe, and put on the mast. As soon as he was fairly cast away, he anxiously commenced running around to find the road to the mainland. He'd scamper down the mast to the water, stick out a foot, get it wet, shake it, run round the stick and try the other side, and then run back up to the top again. Pretty soon it became a serious matter with Mr. Robinson, and he sat down to think it over. In a moment he acted as if he wanted to shout for a boat, and was afraid he was going to be hungry. I put a little molasses on the stick. A fly came, but Crusoe wasn't hungry for flies just then, he was homesick for his web in the corner of the woodshed. He went slowly down the pole to the water and touched it all round, shaking his feet like pussy when she wets her stockings in the grass, and suddenly a thought appeared to strike him. Up he went like a rocket to the top and commenced playing circus. He held one foot in the air, then another, and turned round two or three times. He got excited and nearly stood on his head before I found out what he knew, and that was this, that the draught of air made by the fire would carry a line ashore on which he could escape from his desert island. He pushed out a web that went floating in the air until it caught on the table. Then hauled on the rope until it was tight, struck it several times to see if it was strong enough to hold him, and walked ashore. I thought he had earned his liberty, so I put him back in his woodshed again.

Children's Hymn.

From the sunny morning
To the starry night,
Every look and motion
Meets our Father's sight,
From our earliest breath
To our latest year,
Every sound we utter
Meets our Father's ear.
Let us, then, be careful
That our look shall be
Brave and kind and cheerful
For our Lord to see.
Help us, O our Father!
Hear our earnest plea—
Teach thy little children
How to live for thee.

—Selected.

Prayer was not invented, it was born with the first sigh, the first joy, the first sorrow of the human heart.

Little Bell.

"He prayeth well who loveth well,
Both man and bird and beast."

—The Ancient Mariner.

Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray:
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he;
"What's your name? O stop and straight unfold,
Pretty maid, with showery curls of gold."
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks;
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped, you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird,
Full of quips and wiles;
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow;
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour
His full heart out freely, o'er and o'er,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below,
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From her bright blue eyes.

Down the dell she tripped; and through the glade;
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree
Swung and leaped and frolicked, void of fear,
While bold blackbird piped that all might hear,
"Little Bell," piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern;
"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return;
"Bring me nuts!" quoth she.
Up, away, the frisky squirrel hies,
Golden wood, lights glancing in his eyes,
And adown the tree.
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap dropped one by one;
Hark! how the blackbird pipes to see the fun,
"Happy Bell," pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade:
"Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid,
Come and share with me!"
Down came squirrel, eager for his fare,
Down came bonny blackbird, I declare.
Little Bell gave each his honest share;
• Ah, the merry three!

And the while these frolic playmates twain,
Piped, and frisked from bough to bough again,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below,
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow,
From her bright blue eyes.

By her snow white cot at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell with folded palms to pray,
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene,
Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this?" the angel said,
"That with happy heart beside her bed
Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft, oh! very low and soft!
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft:
"Bell, dear Bell," crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angel's care;
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm. Love deep and kind
Shall watch around, and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee."

—Thomas Westwood, "Songs From Nature."

All About a "Sitting Shot."

Last Spring we boys were having a splendid time with our rubber shooters; every boy in the neighborhood had one or more. None of our mothers liked it; some windows got broken, and when one or two little birds got killed it made them very angry.

There was a bluebird that built its nest year after year in an old elm tree close to one of our windows. One day my mother saw a boy shooting at it; he didn't hit it, but she made up her mind it was time for the shooting to stop, and when, not long after, little Willie Brand had his eye 'most put out, they all thought so.

There was a fuss about it. There were pieces in the paper how rubber shooters were dangerous things, and then the police came about and said that every boy who shot would have to pay \$5 for it. They all thought that was more than they could stand, so they stopped.

Mother had given me ten cents for mine long ago, and burnt it, so I was glad when the other fellows had to stop.

This year we thought we'd have a little fun and keep quiet about it. Jim Barlow made mine, and it was a first-rate shooter, I tell you! I gave him my top and a skate-strap and thirty marbles for it; he said 'twould shoot equal to a revolver.

I was very careful how I used it, for I didn't want mother to know that I had it. I used to shoot at stray dogs and cats, though it did make me feel bad sometimes to hear 'em howl if I hit 'em. I used to shoot at the keyhole in the barn door, too, to see how many times in twenty I could shoot in. It wasn't much fun when I had to keep out of the way all the time.

One day I was wandering about the lower end of the garden with my shooter. There were plenty of birds all around, but I did not want to shoot at them if I could find anything else to shoot at. I got over the fence into another lot, but still there were birds everywhere.

I shot a few times just to frighten them a little.

Then I heard one singing beautifully right over my head. I couldn't see it very plainly, and I didn't believe I meant to hit it at all, and I tell you I was frightened when it came right down at my feet, with a sad kind of a little scream.

I picked it up and tried to make it fly or walk, but it would not; its pretty eyes were half shut, and it kept panting with its bill. It was a bluebird.

I knew I could never keep it from mother, for when I have been doing anything dreadful I always feel as if I was lost till I've been and told her. As I carried the poor bird through the garden, a drop of blood fell from its mouth right on to a great white lily that seemed to be looking up to ask me what I had been doing. Mother was standing near the back piazza; as I laid the bird in her hand, it stopped panting and was still.

Mother said: "What's the matter?"

But there was such a lump in my throat that I couldn't speak a word. Then she saw the shooter in my hand, and she said:

"Did you kill that little bird?"

I tell you it scared me the way she spoke. I never heard her speak in such an awful voice before. Then she said:

"You have stolen away its little life—it was all the life it had. The Lord loves His helpless little creatures. He gave them to us to make us happy, and He will never bless those who are cruel to them."

Then she put the little bird up to her cheek, and I saw the tears come. She took the shooter and laid it on the kitchen fire. I didn't get any ten cents this time, you may be sure, and then she said:

"You may go to your room."

I'd a great deal rather she'd a whipped me than to have to go there and just have to keep thinking. I thought of all the beautiful days of sunshine I had taken away from that poor little bird, and how it would never fly through the air, or sing in the trees, or see the flowers or the grass any more. And I wondered if it had a nest and little birds,

and what would become of them if it had.

And all of a sudden I jumped up, as I thought of the bluebird that had come to build its nest near us for so many summers. As soon as mother let me out (it wasn't very soon, for she gave me plenty of time to think), I ran to the nest.

Before I went to bed I got some soft cotton and covered the little birds up. I thought, you see, if I took good care of 'em, they might live without their mother. But in the morning only two of them held up their heads to be fed, and before night they were all dead. So, you see, I had taken away all the sunshine from them, too. My sisters cried when they knew their little birds and their mother were all dead.

I don't think I want another shooter. I don't believe I'll ever see another white lily but what it'll say to me: "You killed that bluebird!"

—American Young Folks.

The Four Sunbeams.

Four little sunbeams came earthward one day,
Shining and dancing on their way,

Resolved that their course should be blest.

"Let us try," they all whispered, "some kindness to do,

Not seek our own pleasuring all the day through,
Then meet in the eve at the west."

One sunbeam ran in at a low cottage door,
And played "hide-and-seek" with a child on the floor,

Till baby laughed loud in his glee,
And chased in delight his strange playmate so bright,

The little hands grasping in vain for the light
That ever before them would flee.

One crept to the couch where an invalid lay,
And brought him a dream of the sweet summer day,

Its bird-song, and beauty, and bloom,
Till pain was forgotten, and weary unrest,
And in fancy, he roamed through the scenes he loved best,

Far away from the dim, darkened room.

One stole to the heart of a flower that was sad,
And loved and caressed her until she was glad,
And lifted her white face again;
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,
And lightens all labor and pain.

And one where a little blind girl sat alone
Not sharing the mirth of her playfellows, shone
On hands that were folded and pale,
And kissed the poor eyes that had never known sight,

That never would gaze on the beautiful light
Till angels had lifted the veil.

At last, when the shadows of evening were falling
And the sun, their great father, his children was calling,

Four sunbeams passed into the west.

All said, "We have found, that in seeking the pleasure

Of others, we fill to the full our own measure."
Then softly they sank to their rest.

The Reconciled Enemy.

St. Francis did not approve of the saying, "Never rely on a reconciled enemy." He rather preferred a contrary maxim, and said that a quarrel between friends, when made up, added a new tie to friendship; as experience shows that the callosity formed round a broken bone makes it stronger than before. Those who are reconciled often renew their friendship with increased warmth; the offender is on his guard against a relapse, and anxious to atone for past unkindness; and the offended glory in forgiving and forgetting the wrongs that have been done to them. Princes are doubly careful of reconquered towns, and preserve them with more care than those the enemy never gained.—*The Life St. Francis de Sales.*

How a Horse Keeps Warm.

The Meriden (Conn.) *Republican* tells this story: "One cold morning last week Dr. Wilson drove up to a house on Crown street and left his horse without hitching it. The horse waited a few moments, and his master not returning he began to dance a double shuffle, presumably to get his feet warm. Finding this rather monotonous he started up toward Olive street, keeping up a kind of Kentucky breakdown. When he had gone several rods he cramped the buggy, backed and turned round as neatly as though guided by a skillful driver and pranced back to the hitching post. Here he waited about five minutes and started toward Main street, going through several kinds of paces. Near the corner he stopped and turned round as skillfully as before, and frightened a boy who had tried to stop him, out of his wits, by pursuing said boy with open mouth, and bent back ears, as though his usual habit was to eat every small boy that he came across. He then continued his antics until he reached the house where he had been left, and when Dr. Wilson came out he was standing at the hitching post as demurely as though he had never thought of leaving it."

Thurlow Weed's Guest.

Two summers ago, when the windows of Mr. Thurlow Weed's house, in New York city, were thrown open to let in the evening breeze, a pigeon of bright plumage flew into the room. It remained for hours and showed no disposition to depart, though it was free to escape. Mr. Weed fed it, supposing that it would fly away when its hunger was appeased. But it had come to stay, and established itself at once as a household pet, and especially as Mr. Weed's devoted personal friend. It flutters and coos about his reception room still, and comes to him at his call, eager to be petted. Mr. Weed takes it out frequently to the garden at the back of his house, and though other pigeons fly down to it and help eat its food, it will never join them in their flight after the meal is finished. When Mr. Weed goes out walking, it often perches on his hand and remains with him for a considerable distance from the house, then flying back. One day it flew up among the housetops, at some distance from home, and Mr. Weed said to himself, "Well, the bird has gone at last." When he got home he found it perched above the doorway, waiting to be let in. It fluttered down on his shoulder as he put the key in the door, and flew into the hallway as soon as the door opened.

—Boston Transcript.

How Birds Teach Their Young to Sing.

A wren built her nest in a box on a New Jersey farm. The occupants of the farmhouse saw the mother teach her young to sing. She sat in front of them and sang her whole song very distinctly. One of the young attempted to imitate her. After proceeding through a few notes its voice broke and it lost the tune. The mother immediately recommenced where the young one had failed, and went very distinctly through with the remainder. The young bird made a second attempt, commencing where it had ceased before, and continuing the song as long as it was able; and when the note was again lost the mother began anew where it stopped, and completed it. Then the young one resumed the tune, and finished it. This done, the mother sang over the whole series of notes a second time with great precision, and a second of the young attempted to follow her. The wren pursued the same course with this one as with the first; and so with the third and fourth. This was repeated day after day and several times a day, until each of the young birds became a perfect songster.—*Animal Friends.*

If I am asked who is the greatest man I answer the best; and if required to say who is the best, I reply, he who has deserved most from his fellow creatures.

The Frenchman and His Pigeons.

On fine days a Frenchman, whom we will call Adolph, used to station himself in the mall near the head of West Street, on Boston Common, and there go through a very pretty exhibition with some trained pigeons. Mr. Merrill, the artist, has given a very faithful picture of the scene.

Waving his hands, Adolph would say to a pigeon, in French, "Va-t-en," which means, "Go away! Whoop!" And then the little birds would fly off; sometimes to one tree, sometimes to another.

Then holding up a flag, Adolph would cry out, "A vous, Capitaine!" "For you, Captain!" whereupon the pigeon whose name was Captain would return and light either upon the pole of the flag, or the little balustrade of the wood work.

Holding up another flag, Adolph would cry, "A vous, Caporal!" Then the little pigeon known as the Corporal would fly back from the tree on which he was sitting, and circling round the head of his master, alight on his shoulder, or on the queer little piece of wood work that stood on the table before him.

There were nearly a dozen pigeons, and they all had military titles. One was a general, one a colonel, one a major, one a captain, one a sergeant, and one a corporal. I noticed that Adolph had some bird seed in his hand, with which he would now and then reward these brave soldiers for their services.

Quite a crowd of spectators would gather around, and Adolph had an ingenious way of getting some profit from the show. One of the pigeons was supposed to be a great fortune teller. He would slip out of one of those little arched openings you see in the wood work, select

with his bill a little paper, on which something was written, and his master would give it to you. Of course you were expected to pay a few cents for having your fortune told by a general or a colonel.

Adolph's wife used to assist in making collections. In the picture you may see her with a tin dipper in her hand. Adolph did quite a good business while the fine weather lasted. For the sake of a good many little boys and girls who want to see him and his pigeons, I hope he will come back to us.

—Dora Burnside.

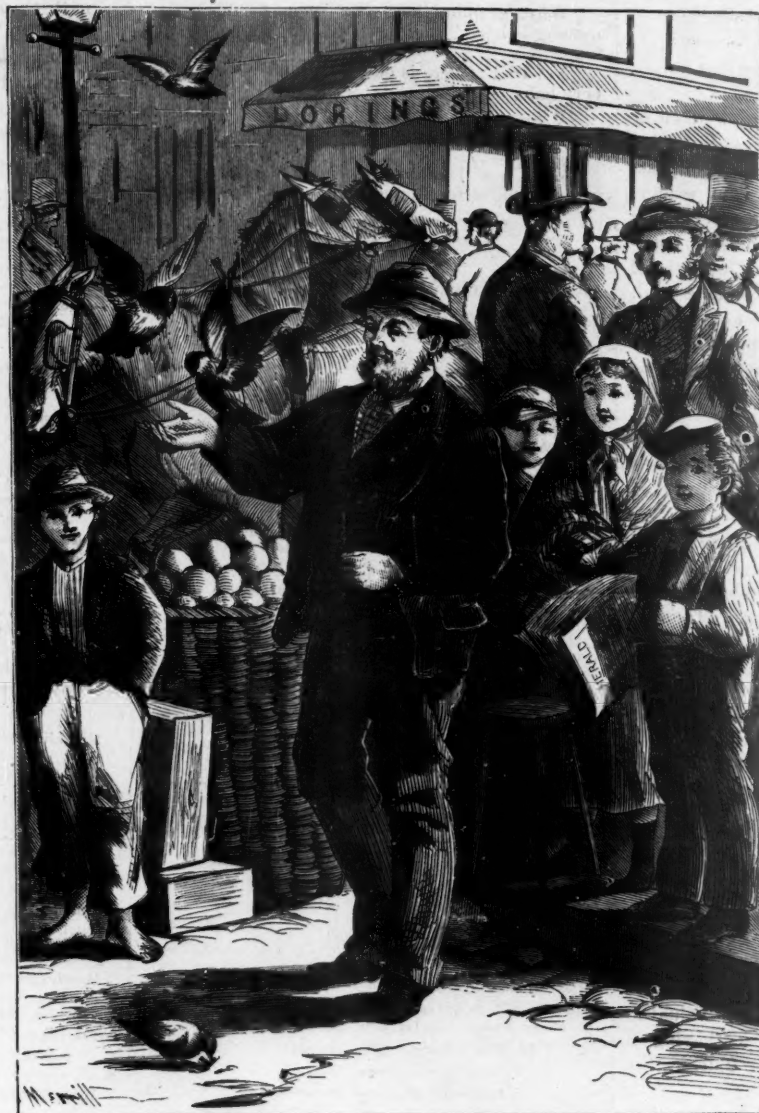
The Milky Way.

Evening has come, and across the skies,
Out through the darkness that quivering dies.

Beautiful, broad and white,
Fashioned of many a silver ray,
Stolen out of the ruins of day,
Grows the pale bridge of the Milky Way,
Built by the architect of Night.

Dim with shadows, and bright with stars,
Hung like gold lights on invisible bars,

Stirred by the wind's low breath,
Rising on cloud-shapen pillars of gray,
Perfect it stands, like a tangible way,
Binding To-morrow with Yesterday,
Reaching from Life to Death.



THE FRENCHMAN AND HIS PIGEONS.

Dark show the heavens on either side,
Soft flows the blue in a waveless tide
Under the silver arch.

Never a footstep is heard below,
Echoing earthward, as, measured and slow,
Over the bridge the still hours go,
Bound on their trackless march.

Is it a pathway leading to heaven
Over earth's sin-clouds, rent and riven
With its supernal light.

Crossed by the souls of those who have flown
Stilly away from our arms, and alone
Up to the beautiful great white throne
Passed in the hush of night?

Is it the way that the angels take,
When they come down by night to wake
Over the slumbering earth?

Is it the way the stars go back
When the young Day drives them from off his track
Into the distant, mysterious black
Where their bright souls had birth?

What may it be? Who may certainly say?
Over the shadowy Milky Way
No human foot hath trod.

Ages have passed, but, unsullied and white,
Still it stands, like a rainbow of night,
Held as a promise above our dark sight,
Guiding our thoughts to God.

—Lippincott's Magazine.

Our Christmas Tree. A Carol.

BY MARY ALOYSIA FRANCIS.

They tell a lovely story,
In lands beyond the sea,
How, when the King of Glory
Lay on His mother's knee,
Before the prophet-princes
Came, bringing gifts in hand,
The dumb beasts felt the miracle,
Men could not understand!
The gentle, patient donkey,
And the ox that trod the corn,
Kneel down beside the manger,
And knew that Christ was born;
And so they say, in Sweden,
At twelve, each Christmas night,
The dumb beasts kneel to worship
And see the Christmas light!
This fancy makes men kinder
To the creatures needing care;
They give them Christmas greeting,
And dainty Christmas fare,
The cat and dog sup gaily,
And a sheaf of golden corn
Is raised above the roof-tree,
For the birds on Christmas morn!
We do not live in Sweden,
But we can feed the birds,
And make dumb creatures happy,
By kindly deeds and words.
No animal so humble,
No living thing so small,
But that the God who made us,
Has made and loves them all!
If we to them are cruel,
Like Christ we cannot be!
And this shall be my lesson,
From our dear Christmas Tree!

O merrily I greet you, dears,
The children of our party;
May Christmas bring its sports to
you,
And find you blithe and hearty;
And never in your mirth forget,
At any Christian meeting,
That long ago a child was born,
Who brought this Heavenly Greet-
ing:

"Suffer little children to come unto
Me, for of such is the kingdom of
heaven."

Song by the Mocking-Bird.

BY L. W. BACKUS.

A small brown thing,
I flit and sing
Through the golden globes of the orange-trees,
And I mock, and mock
The birds that flock
To the North, like clouds in the southern breeze.
The cat-bird's cry,
The small wren's sigh,
The swallow and the whip-poor-will,
The screaming jay,
All day, all day,
Find in my notes their echo still.

With eye askance
And roguish glance,
I mock them all; and e'en at night
Give back "tu whoo"
To th' owl's "halloo,"
When the moon floods all my haunts with light.

And every sound
That haunts the ground,
The locust's chirp, the hum—half-heard—
Of bee and fly,
I mock,—and cry:
"O listen to the Mocking-bird!"

—St. Nicholas for September.

Eleventh Lesson on Kindness to Animals.

BY GEO. T. ANGELL.

Think before you strike any creature that cannot speak.

I remember reading in my boyhood about a merchant travelling on horse-back accompanied by his dog. He dismounted for some purpose, and accidentally dropped his package of money. The dog saw it. The merchant did not. The dog barked to stop him, and as he rode farther, bounded in front of the horse and barked louder and louder. The merchant thought he had gone mad, drew a pistol from his holster and shot him. The wounded dog crawled back to the package, and when the merchant discovered his loss and rode back, he found his dying dog lying there faithfully guarding the treasure.

The following little story told by a friend of mine, is not so painful, but adds force to the thought, *Think before you strike any creature that cannot speak.*

"When I was a boy and lived up in the mountains of New Hampshire, I worked for a farmer and was given a span of horses to plough with, one of which was a four-year-old colt. The colt after walking a few steps would lie down in the furrow. The farmer was provoked, and told me to sit on the colt's head, to keep him from rising while he whipped him, 'to break him of that notion,' as he said. But just then a neighbor came by. He said, 'there's something wrong here; let him get up, and let us examine.' He patted the colt, looked at his harness, and then said 'Look at this collar; it is so long and narrow and carries the harness so high, that when he begins to pull it slips back and chokes him so he can't breathe.' And so it was, and but for that neighbor we should have whipped as kind a creature as we had on the farm because he laid down when he couldn't breathe."

It was only the other day I heard of a valuable St. Bernard dog being shot, because, having a wound on his head, concealed by the hair, he bit a person who handled him roughly.

Boys, young and old, please remember that these creatures are dumb. They may be hungry, or thirsty, or cold, or faint, or sick, or bruised, or wounded, and cannot tell you.

Think before you strike any creature that cannot speak.

QUESTIONS.

What can you tell about the merchant and his dog?

What can you tell about the colt that laid down?

What can you tell about the St. Bernard dog?

What are you asked to remember?

It's Very Hard.

"It's very hard to have nothing but porridge, when others have every sort of dainty!" muttered Dick, as he sat with his wooden bowl before him. "It's very hard to have to get up so early on these bitter mornings, and work all day, when others can enjoy themselves without an hour of labor! It's very hard to have to trudge along through the snow, while others roll about in their coaches!"

"It's a great blessing," said his grandmother, as she sat at her knitting, "to have food when so many are hungry; it's a great blessing to have a roof over one's head when so many are homeless; it's a great blessing to have sight and hearing and strength for daily labor, when so many are blind, deaf, or suffering!"

"Why, grandmother, you seem to think that nothing is hard," said the boy, still in a grumbling tone.

"No, Dick; there is one thing that I do think very hard."

"What's that?" cried Dick, who thought that at last his grandmother had found some cause for complaint.

"Why, boy, I think that heart is very hard that is not thankful for so many blessings."

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The following publications can be obtained at our offices at cost prices, which does not include postage.

"Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, at 2 cents each, or	\$2.00 per 100
"Cattle Transportation," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.10 "	
"Protection of Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.33 "	
"Five Questions Answered," by G. T. Angell, .50 "	
"The Check Rein," by G. T. Angell, .60 "	
"The Marett Tract," by G. T. Angell, (postage), .05 "	
"How to Kill Animals Humanely," by Dr. D. D. Slade, .75 "	
"Insect Eating Birds," by Frank H. Palmer, 1.30 "	
"Selected Poems," 3.00 "	
"Service of Mercy," selections from Scripture, etc., .65 "	
"Care of Horses," .45 "	
Humane picture card, "Waiting for the Master," .75 "	

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Publications Received from Kindred Societies.

Animal Friends. New York.
Animal World. London, Eng.
Humane Appeal. Cincinnati.
Humane Journal. Chicago.

S. P. C. Journal. Halifax, N. S.

Zoophilist. London, Eng.

Bulletin de la Societe Royale Protectrice des Animaux. Brussels.

Cases Investigated by Office Agents in October.

Whole number of complaints received, 132; viz.: Beating, 15; overworking and overloading, 4; driving when lame or galled, 47; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 8; driving when diseased, 2; cruelly transporting, 15; defective streets, 3; general cruelty, 38.

Remedied without prosecution, 56; warnings issued, 26; not substantiated, 30; not found, 8; anonymous, 6; prosecuted, 6; convicted, 6.

Animals taken from work, 23; killed, 62.

Receipts by the Society in October.

FINES.

From Justice's Court.—Bellingham, \$10; Dedham, two cases one paid at H. of C., \$35; Amesbury, \$1; Peabody, \$10; Marblehead, \$10.

District Courts.—E. Middlebury, \$15; 2nd Plymouth, \$5.

Police Court.—Chelsea, \$1.

Municipal Court.—Boston, two cases, \$40.01. Brighton District, two cases, \$13.

Witness fees, \$10.15.

Total, \$150.16

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Mrs. Thos. Cole, \$6; Edwin W. Gay, \$5; Wm. J. Foster, \$5; Seth Bemis, \$5; Mrs. C. D. Homans, \$3; W. H. Parsons, \$3; Mrs. Jno. S. Tappan, \$3; H. M. Taylor, \$1; Mrs. Gibson, \$1. Total, \$32.

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Total, \$25.60.

SALE OF PUBLICATIONS.

Miss Louise M. Phillips, \$11; Women's Branch, Phil. Soc. P. C. A., \$10; Anthony M. Smith, \$5.50; Eliza S. Turner, \$2; Mrs. F. Gill, \$1; Mrs. J. J. Pickering, \$1.25; Miss E. P. Hall, \$1; C. M. Hayes, \$1; A. H. Fiske, \$.50; Miss J. A. Parker, \$.38; Mrs. C. P. Rogers, \$.20; Mrs. D. Goddard, \$.15; Miss A. E. Fisher, \$.12; anonymous, \$1.25.

Total, \$35.35.

Interest, \$235.

Total receipts by the secretary in October, \$478.11.

Receipts by the treasurer: \$500 from Mrs. Edward H. Eldredge Newtonville.

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